The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Innocuos Cenſura poteſt permittere luſus. Martial.

From **Friday** December 23, to **Monday** December 26, 1709.

Artesia's Day.

From my Cloſet, December *the 12th.*

THESE Two or Three Days I have been teiz'd out of my Senſes, very body tells me that I'm in Love: 'Tis very ſtrange to me, People ſhould think a Woman under Thirty to be ſo with any thing that's *Neutrius Generis*; but the more I deny the Charge the leſs I am believed. Yeſterday two Ladies of my Acquaintance came on purpoſe to banter me upon it; what I could ſay in my Defence, my Swooning away was the burthen of the Song, and they would have it, that no Woman could ſhew ſo much Concern at any Man's Death, if he was indifferent to her. They dwelt ſo long upon the ſame Subject, that at laſt they made me angry: I told them, that I did not expect in this Degenerate Age, where nothing was minded but private Intereſt, to find many that could form a Notion of a Publick Spirit; that for my part, I could never hear any Calamity threaten my Country, without the utmoſt Affliction. What, ſaid I, would have become of us, if Mr *Bickerſtaff* had been Dead in earneſt? Let us but conſider the Confuſion and Miſery the Nation was in between Three and Fourſcore Years ago, when he was Born, to what it is now, ſince he has Writ. Some People care but little how others divert themſelves, what Cloaths or Wigs they wear, or which way they beſtow their Canes, when they have no mind to carry them in their Hands; but we that Watch and Labour for the general Benefit of Mankind, take nothing more to Heart, than what is neglected by every body elſe, to ſhew how much I prefer the Common Good to my own, I declare, that tho the Gentleman's ſurprizing me with his falſe News, has made me the Town talk among you, I am pleaſed with the fancy, becauſe I foreſee, that it may be of great uſe, and if it ſhould make the Old Gentleman more intent upon his Lucubrations, we ſhould be all beholden to him for the reſt.

What, ſaid one of them, is the *Squire* Alive again? I doubt you are afraid of him, and ſo put it upon the Gentleman that brought you the News Forſooth, becauſe he ſhould have the leſs hold of you. I wonder'd your Siſter would venture to meddle with him; for I don't ſuppoſe ſhe can have ſo much Preſumption as to think herſelf a Match for him, not but the Obſervation was very Juſt, and Mr *Bickerſtaff* wanted rouſing a little. When Men have eſtabliſh'd a Reputation and gain'd a great Party, they have purchaſed a Licence to be Lazy; the *Squire* is very happy in his Expreſſions, and has a Facility in the turn of Thoughts that is inimitable; but he or no body elſe can perſwade a tollerable judge to believe, that he takes Pains about his Writings when he don't. He has preſented the World with ſeveral Things, and particularly two or three Papers about his Siſter *Jenny*, ſo exquiſitely bright, that it is almoſt a diſhonour to him to think ſome of the *Tatlers* we have had of late to be of the ſame Author; tho' I confeſs I never ſaw any thing of him, but what would be very paſſable in others: His Judgment is ſo good, that it is impoſſible he ſhould ever Write very Ill, and all the Difference that can ever be between his Papers, will be Elaborate or not Elaborate; for this Reaſon I think ſtirring him up was very ſeaſonable, but have a Care you don't pay dearly for it. I was a going to anſwer her, when the Lady that was come with her, prevented me thus: I perceive, ſaid ſhe, that neither of you are much verſed in the haughty Sentiments of Men of Parts, when they meet with Succeſs; if you compare the Humility with which Mr *Bickerſtaff* uſher'd his Papers into the World, and the Familiarity he treated all his Brother News Writers with, in the beginning, when he was yet Ignorant of the Fate his Lucubrations ſhould meet with, to the Deciſive Air, and Proud Titles of *Doctor*, *Conjurer* and *Reformer General* to the *Britiſh* Nation, which like the *Pope* he has aſſumed *ex plenitudine Poteſtatis*, without being beholden to any body for them, as ſoon as his Papers began to be in vogue. If, I ſay, you compare theſe Things together you'll find, that there is abundance of difference between wetting One Ream and Six times as much, you need not to fear the *Squire* will ever attack you, ſay of him what you will: A Man that Writes to pleaſe the *Beau Monde*, muſt never take notice of any thing but what they are Converſant with, or vouchſafe to ſpeak of Works that are in leſs Eſteem than his own. I know ſeveral that frequent St *James's* Coffee-Houſe, who would refuſe to look upon his *Tatlers*, if they thought Mr *Bickerſtaff* could be guilty of reading yours; but as on the one ſide you need not dread the laſh of his Pen, ſo for the ſame Reaſon on the other you muſt entertain no hopes of ever Writing any thing that may ſpur him on to greater Labour than he has a mind to. An Author in the poſſeſſion of Publick Applauſe, can hardly Write amiſs, if he wou'd. The Wits and Quality which are the ſame, are very difficult to be gained; but if once they eſpouſe a Cauſe or Opinion, they'll ſtand by it with their Lives and Fortunes, let what Changes will happen; abundance of them were very unwilling at firſt to give Mr *Bickerſtaff* their Vote, and mighty Circumſpect in praiſing

him,

him, even when he moſt deſerv'd it, that now are ready if they ſhould meet with any Cenſures that were not of their own making, upon the Man whom once they have honour'd with their Approbation, not only to defend all his Lucubrations, but likewiſe to maintain, that what you find fault with, be it what it will, is the moſt Excellent Part of his Writings.

From my Drawing-Room, Dec. the 24th.

This Afternoon half a Dozen of us ſat chatting together about Cloaths, and what we ſhould wear out of Mourning, when a Gentleman's Coach ſtop'd at my Door, and out of it came a grave Matron, that immediately addreſſing her ſelf to my Couſin *Arabella*, ask'd her, if ſhe had performed her promiſe; *Arabella* ſimilingly anſwered, that ſhe was a going, and preſently began to ſpeak in Commendation of Bridles, Knots, and all manner of Ribonds: I can't imagine, ſaid ſhe, how they come to be ſo wholly laid aſide, and wonder at our ſimpleity, that we will ſuffer any thing ſo becoming to our Sex, to remain ſo long out of Faſhion; having ſaid a great deal on this Subject, the old Gentlewoman that was come in her Coach, took up the Cudgels and relieved her. She fetch'd a deep ſigh, and told us, it was a burning ſhame, that ſuch a handſome wear ſhould be ſo ſuddenly altogether neglected; then complaining, that thoſe everlaſting Mournings ſpoil'd all manner of Trades, ſhe ſaid, no body now a days minded the Poor; moſt of the Ribbond Weavers were out of Employ, and Thouſands of them ready to Starve; as for her part ſhe had maintain'd multitudes of 'em for many Years, and could do it no longer; thus ſhe continued Muttering and Scolding for a quarter of an Hour: till ſeeing, that no body deſign'd her any reply, ſhe ſaid, if the Government would not provide for them they might ſee what would follow, and went away in a great huff. I ask'd *Arabella* what Acquaintance of hers this was; who ſurpriſed us all by anſwering, that ſhe was a Ribbond-Weaver, that lived in *Southwark*, and had for many Years been uſed to drive up and down to the Shops of her Cuſtomers, begging, fetching, and carrying home work in her own Coach.

I never expected to have heard Complaints about Ribbond-Weavers, and confeſs that I never ſo much as thought on them, all what I can ſay to the matter is, I pity all that are of a decaying Trade, if it be honeſt and uſeful; but if the Ribbond-Weavers have a bad time of it now, the grumbling Gentlewomans Equipage ſhews, that once they had a good one, and perhaps better than they deſerved.

†‡† *The Linnen-Draper, that laſt* Thurſday *had the Impudence at Noon-day, to go into a Hackney-Coach with his Strumpet in* Cheapſide, *is deſired, to avoid ſcandal, not to do it any more juſt before his Wife's Brother's Door.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Week will be publiſhed,

*** The Hiſtory of the Campaign in Flanders' for the year 1709. Containing an exact Account of all the moſt material Tranſactions, intermix'd with ſeveral Original Letters, and ſome other private Occurrences taken from a Journal made on the ſpot; faithfully Collected by an Officer in the Engliſh Forces. To which is added, the Maps of Tournay and Mons, from the moſt Correct Plan. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick Lane. Price 1 s.

Juſt publiſhed, the 2d Edition with Additions of,

†‡† A Perſwaſive to Moderation and Forbearance in Love, among the Divided Forms of Chriſtians. By that late moſt Pious and Eminent Divine Mr Jer White, late Fellow of Trinity Colledge in Cambridge. The 2d Edition To which is added, his Particulars for our Converſe with Men, &c. Sold by N. Cliff at the Golden Candleſtick in the Poultry, and A. Collins at the Black Boy in Fleet ſtreet, Price 2 s.

Juſt Publiſh'd the Second Edition of.

*** **A Brief Account of the Woollen Manufactory of England, with Relation to the Prejudice it receives by the Clandeſtine Exportation of Wool from Ireland into France. To which is added, an Appendix. Sold by Dryden Leach, in Elliot's Court, in the Little Old Baily. Pr. 1 s.**

*** The Charitable Surgeon: Or, the beſt Remedies for the worſt Maladies, reveal'd; altogether without Mercury, and wholly new in Method and Practice, wherein both Sexes may with privacy and ſmall Charge, without any other Medicine, or being expoſed to Quacks, cure themſelves of thoſe Diſtempers, which, (if neglected) are dangerous as well as Ignominious. By T.C. Surgeon. Sold by E. Curl Bookſeller, removed to the Dial and Bible againſt St Dunſtan's Church in Fleet ſtreet, Pr. 1 s.

PErfect Cure for the Aſthma, by an Elixir, (a pleaſant and innocent Medicine) to be taken in Drops, which has done wonders in that Cauſe; but the Author ſaying ſo, being not ſo convincing as trying it will be, he deſires you would for your own ſakes, when, if it does no good, can do no harm to the Body, nor much to the Purſe in laying out 3 s. 6 d. which is the price of a Bottle. To be had only at Mr Lawrences a Toyſhop, at the Griffin the Corner of Bucklersbury, Poultry.

THe Vapours in Women infallibly Cured in an Inſtant, ſo as never to return again, by an admirable Chymical Secret, a few Drops of which takes off a Fit in a moment diſpels Sadneſs, clears the Head, takes away all Swimmings, Giddineſs, Dimneſs of Sight, Flaſhings in the Face, &c. to a Miracle, and moſt certainly prevents the Vapours returning again, or by Rooting out the very Cauſe it perfectly Cures, as hundreds have experienced: It alſo ſtrengthens the Stomach and Bowels, and cauſes Livelineſs and ſettled Health. Is ſold only by Mrs Osborn's, Top-ſhop at the Roſe and Crown under St Dunſtan's Church in Fleet-ſtreet, at 2 s. 6 d. the Bottle with Directions.

AN Infallible, ſafe and laſting Cure for the Fiſtula *in Ano, in a few Weeks time, tho' of never ſo long ſtanding by a Chymical Liquor lately diſcover'd, to be Injected with a Syringe, without any manner of Pain or need of Cutting, as is uſual in that Caſe, to the great Torment of the Patient, and hazard of Life; it alſo prevents* Fiſtula's *where fear'd. Sold for 5 s. the Bottle at the Golden Key, in Warten's-Court, near Holborn-Bars, with a Book of Directions of the Cauſe and Conſequence of that troubleſome Indiſpoſition.*

THe True Cephalick or Head Snuff, which in twice or thrice uſing, does infinitely more real good than 50 times uſing any other Art, for by its peculiar Operation and Effects, it Cures the moſt ſtubborn and dangerous Diſtempers of the Head, ſuch as Apoplexies, Epilepſies, Lethargies, Vifhegoes, Megrims, pains in the Head, Humours in the Eyes, Impoſthums, Vapours, loſs of Memory, Deafneſs, &c. two Papers at moſt times making a perfect Cure, it being what is daily preſcribed and approved by the moſt Eminent Phyſitians. 'Tis to be had only at Mr Varen's a Bookſeller at Seneca's Head near Somerſet Houſe in the Strand, Pr. 1 s. 6 d. the Paper with Directions.

THe delightful Chymical Liquor for the Breath, Teeth and Gums, which in a moment makes the moſt Nauſeous Breath ſmell delicately fine and charming, and in very little time infallibly Cures, ſo that an offenſive Breath will not return; it certainly makes the blackeſt and moſt foul Teeth perfectly white, clean and beautiful to a miracle; Cures the Scurvy in the Gums, tho never ſo inveterate, making the beſt Fleſh grow again, when almoſt Eaten away, and infallibly faſtens looſe Teeth to admiration, even in Old People, who too often falſly think their Age to be the Occaſion: In ſhort, for delightfully Perfuming and quickly curing an Ill-ſcented Breath, for preſently making the blackeſt Teeth moſt excellently white, certainly faſtening them when looſe, effectually preſerving them from rotting or decaying, and aſſuredly curing the Scurvy in the Gums, it has not its equal in the Univerſe, as abundance of the Nobility and Gentry throughout the Kingdom have experienced. Is ſold at Mr Payn's, a Toy-ſhop at the Angel and Crown in St Pauls Church Yard near Cheapſide, at 2 s. 6 d. a Bottle with Directions.

THe Great German Spirit for Deafneſs, Thickneſs of Hearing, Noiſe or Pain in the Ears, &c. a few drop of which drops warm into the Ears every night and morning, cures to admiration. With this Spirit a certain Nobleman cured ſeveral that were born deaf: For it being of a ſubtile and congenious Nature, pervades or enters into the Membrane of the Tympanum or Drum of the Ears, and removes all the Impediments or Obſtructions thereof; being a Medicine powerful, ſafe and eaſy, fails never, if curable, and many times cures thoſe that have been deem'd Incurable, after Syringing, Fuming and the uſe of all other external as well as internal Application. Is ſold at 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle, at Mr Spooner's at the Golden Half-Moon in Lemon-ſtreet in Goodmans Fields near White Chappel.

THeGrand Chymical Anti-Scorbutick, or Drops, for the curvy. The Surprizing effects of this Medicines has gained it ſuch an Univerſal Reputation, that vaſt quantities, are yearly diſpoſed of in Foreign Countries, as well as here in England, and what is daily uſed by numbers of Phyſicians, Surgeons and Apothecaries in their Practice, and found to be the only certain Remedy for eradicating the moſt inveterate Scurvy, attended with the worſt of Smptoms; as Spots, Blotches, Itches, Eroſian and Bleeding of the Gums, Breaking out of the Skin, Numbneſs, Wearineſs, Pains, &c. carries of gently the Salt ſharp Humours without Confinement, or the leaſt Diſorder, and for maintaining the Appetite, cauſing good Digeſtion, Puryfying the Blood, and rendring the Body lively and vigorous, is not to be exceeded in the whole Republick of Medicines. Is to be had only at Jacob's Coffee-houſe, againſt the Angel and Crown in Threadneedle-ſtreet near the Royal Exchange, at 2 s. 6 d. the Bottle with Directions.

Sold by *A. Baldwin* at the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick-Lane.*